





## Christmas.

J. A. E.

The drifts are sleeping on the hill,  
The winds are hushed, the land is still  
This frosty Christmas night;  
While back across the deepening snow  
Of centuries revolving slow,  
The winged soul takes flight.

There was a night long, long ago,  
When sentinels paced to and fro  
Before the gates of Rome;  
When sages saw with wondering eye  
A star light all the orient sky,  
And knew the Christ had come.

No echo reached the imperial hall  
Borne from that low Judean stall.  
Far over land and sea!  
No vision marred the Caesar's rest  
Of Him who slept on Mary's breast,  
A mightier Prince than he.

But white wings, shimmering softly through  
The starry night's serene blue,  
Proclaimed Immanuel's birth!  
While listening shepherds caught the strains  
Which rolled along the heavenly plains,  
"Peace and good will to earth!"

Oh, vanished years, your shadow sleeps  
On ruined towers and monmling heaps,  
And over all the ivy creeps,  
Exultant in decay.  
Men live their little lives and die—  
The Caesars' tombs forgotten lie,  
But One still lives and rules on high,  
Our Lord, the Christ to-day.

No orient star, no pinions bright  
Slow shifting thro' the solemn night,  
No seraph psalm of strange delight  
Floats out across the snow;  
But from the earth's low-lying plain,  
More glorious than the angels' strain,  
Rises to heaven the glad refrain  
The ransomed only know.

"To Him Who bought us with His blood,  
Who bowed and toiled beneath our load,  
To Him Who sealed us heirs of God,  
Be endless praises given!  
He lives, Whom once they crucified,  
Who for the love of sinners died,  
He lives, forever glorified,  
And reigns in highest heaven!"

*Springfield Republican, 1864.*

## A NEW SOLUTION.

### A Christmas Story.

MARY LESLIE JENKS, '88.

"Donald, what does 'ap-pro-pri-ate' mean?"

Five year old Madge looked inquiringly at her brother, while a gleam of triumph shone in her eyes, at having successfully vanquished a word of four syllables.

"Eh, what! Midget?" Donald emerged from the depths of a newspaper, and at the same time from meditation on the relative merits of the St. Louis and Chicago base ball nine. "'Appropriate,' did you say?" "A small girl," it was said, "it is a word for information is going to be chronic, I shall have to ask Santa to bring you a 'Unique Pronouncing Dictionary' with a synonym attachment. Here, let me make a note on't," and with a twinkle in his eyes, Donald drew pencil and paper from his pocket. "But really, Midge, the usual meaning of the word is 'fit' or 'suitable.'"

Now Madge always associated the word "fit" with one dark day when a favorite kitten of hers had gone spinning round the kitchen in what Donald had called "a catcompanion." But Susan, the cook, had smiled the air scornfully and said: "In our country, miss, we calls um fits. And they is quite frequent, especially fur cats as is fed on raw meat, miss." Madge remembered, too, that she never saw her white kitten again, and the memory made her eyes grow serious and her lips quiver.

Donald saw the signs of a storm, so crossed over to the low stool, where his little sister sat with a paper spread out in her lap, saying consolingly: "Come, puss! To get the exact shade of meaning, the context must be carefully studied, as our revered Latin professor tells us. Where's the word?" Madge looked surprised at his sudden interest, but after a moment's hesitation pointed to a long advertisement headed: *Appropriate Christmas Gifts.* "What does it mean, Don?"

"Humph! To make the matter plain I think illustration is necessary. Synonyms don't seem to find a ready market." And Donald ran his fingers through his hair, as an indirect method of racking his brain to find an illustration suited to the comprehension of his audience. "Suppose, for example, Midget, that you knew two little girls, and one of them had a beautiful doll, while the other was so poor that she couldn't have any. Now, if you had a doll to give away, it would be 'appropriate' to give it to the rich little girl, because she was used to nice things and would know how to take care of it. The prettier it was, the more 'appropriate' it would be, too. Don't you see?"

"But wouldn't the poor little girl like it?" asked Madge, growing more and more perplexed. "I should give it to her."

"Yes, I suppose you would, Midget, you're too young to know better. But never mind, you'll grow up," and patting his sister's head encouragingly, Donald went back to the sofa with the remark that he didn't seem cut out for an instructor of youth.

Don's nonsense and Madge's discomfiture had not passed unnoticed by the rest of the family, who now, as a matter of principle and not with the hope of producing any effect, mildly remonstrated.

Katherine, the pretty eighteen year old sister, smiled in spite of herself as she drew Madge to her side and kissed the upturned face, saying with a comforting little hug: "Don shall not tease you, dearie, if Katherine can help it." As she sat with her arm around her little sister, her eyes fell on the piece of embroidery in her lap. The smile fled. A trown took its place. Suddenly her dissatisfaction found voice.

"Of course Don was only in fun, but it is true, and it seems to me that Christmas-giving is dreadfully topsy-turvy. We give to people who have all they need and more, too, just because we must, or because they gave us something the year before. It leaves so little time for those who need our gifts, and those for whom we really care. *Appropriate Christmas Gifts!*" she repeated, with a touch of scorn in her voice, giving the embroidery a little shake. "Here is one of them!" and she blushed indignantly as she remembered the last Christmas time, and one sentence in a note that came with a gift from a friend: "I wish I could embroider as beautifully as you do, Katherine; my piano is in sore need of a fresh scarf."

"What a system of trade and barter it has come to be; though some of it is lovely still, when you can put your heart into it." And she smiled upon the little group around her as she thought of the pretty gifts into which she was secretly stitching so many fair hopes and loving Christmas wishes.

Grandma, from her cozy corner, reflected the smile, and Katherine felt comforted, though she could scarcely have told why. Somehow, Grandma always was a comfort, and as Katherine watched her sitting in her easy chair, with the pretty gray gown falling to the floor in soft folds, and the snowy hair vying in its whiteness with the little cap she wore, her thoughts went back to a night of the previous year. Again she stood with little Madge looking out into the winter twilight. The white snow carpet lay as it had fallen in the morning. The mischievous wind-moths had not yet begun their work. A great way off, a few stars were dimly shining. It was a soft, silvery, peaceful scene. Even Madge's baby soul must have felt something in its meaning, for she had whispered eagerly: "Why, Kathie, it's like grandma, all except its eyes! Hers are so bright and warm!"

Just then grandma's voice broke in upon the reverie. "I am afraid Madge has not a very clear idea, yet, of what 'appropriate' means. If you will come here, dearie, grandma will tell you what she thinks about it." Madge hailed the proposal as an oasis in the intellectual desert in which she had been wandering. Moreover, there was a second motive. She had a presentiment that it was about time for her mother to say: "Madge, it must be nearly eight o'clock." Then her father would draw out his watch, and Donald would make a dive for his, and poor Madge knew from sad experience that there would be no ginsaying the amount of evidence that would come out of their vest pockets. But once in grandma's lap, with grandma in the midst of a story! Surely they would not be so cruel as to make her go.

She was right. For instead of mentioning bed time, when the clock struck eight, they were all listening with as much interest as Madge herself to the blessed Christmas story that never grows old, as it fell from grandma's lips. And when she had finished, Madge knew that "appropriate Christmas gifts," whether the giver and his offering be rich or poor, are those only which bear with them something of the spirit of love that came into the world on that first Christmas day, more than eighteen hundred years ago.

Bed time, like many another evil, is inevitable. Madge realized the fact, but on this particular occasion submitted with unusual grace, for Katherine said "good night" at the same time and went up stairs with her "to stay." Long after the little girl had fallen asleep, the elder sister sat by the bedside, lost in thought. At last her eyelids, too, grew heavy, and she went away to her own room.

Katherine had lived in the world more than eighteen years, and had, of course, discovered long ago the mythical character of the good Christmas saint. But the memories of her early belief were very precious, and she was glad that in her childhood no wise men and women, under conviction of other people's sin, had spent their leisure time trying to destroy the bulwarks of the children's fancy-land, and carry Santa Claus away before their very eyes.

Just how it happened Katherine could not tell, but suddenly she became conscious of a great change in her surroundings. Instead of the quiet chamber, she was in a vast circular enclosure, filled with piles of articles of every imaginable kind. Scores of persons hurried hither and thither, pulling out boxes and barrels, unfolding reams of wrapping paper, and unrolling balls of twine. Such cheerful, smiling busy-bodies as they were! Katherine was quite imbued with the spirit of the occasion, and was looking about for something small enough to tie up, when she heard a little man near her elbow say: "The Saint is coming!" The cheerful faces grew more cheerful, and the smiles grew broader, if such a thing were possible, as the word passed down the line of busy workers. Katherine waited as eagerly as the rest, and when the dear old Christmas Saint walked in through the gate of the enclosure, shaking the snow from his fur overcoat and beaming upon the company as if all their individual smiles had taken wing and entered in his own jolly face, she could scarcely restrain a cry of delight. But she did, for she was eighteen, and if one is ever going to be proper that is a good time to begin, unless, indeed, one has begun before. In spite of propriety, however, her old friend found her out, for his memory is as fresh and strong as his heart is warm, and he never forgets the face of one who has known and loved him.

"Pretty busy times these, my dear," was his greeting. He was such an old man that Katherine did not mind his saying "my dear," although she was generally very particular about such things.

"I am in a hurry to finish the work of inspection. Will you come with me? We can talk as we go," and Santa moved off slowly, with Katherine at his side.

"You see my assistants here first do the sorting. Then I look over my sample piles and give directions for forwarding duplicates to their destination."

"I thought you took them around with the reindeer," said Katherine, and then blushed at her foolishness.

The Saint laughed a little. "Those days are nearly passed, my child. Express companies do the business now. The air line is impracticable in this day and generation. Look at that sample pile. How many of those things do you suppose my light sleigh and delicate reindeer could carry?" As the sample pile was composed of furniture of all descriptions, square, upright and concert grand pianos, as well as a New York—Fifth Avenue—Brown Stone Front ready furnished, Katherine laughed heartily at the absurdity of the suggestion.

"Here they were interrupted by a little man, who came up breathless, with a bundle under his arm. "Master," he panted, "you have forgotten the box." Santa Claus smiled, a little sadly, his companion thought,—as he took the packages, saying: "Not quite so much needed as it used to be, Kaspar. Still it would be a sorry blunder, indeed, if some of the gifts were sent without it." Kaspar bowed assent and vanished.

Katherine waited impatiently to see what the wrapping would reveal. It came at last; a large, cylindrical, silver box with a perforated top. Except for its size and material, Katherine could not help thinking that it looked very much like the box from which Susan had shaken insect powder every night during the summer time. She did not say this aloud, lest she should seem disrespectful. But what was it for? Santa Claus did not keep her long in suspense. Starting on his rounds again he explained the mystery. "This box, my dear, is full of what people call 'The Christmas Spirit.' But really, the amount, as you see, is very small in comparison with the number of things we send out. We used to need a good deal more of it, but times have changed. I think one boxful will be enough for this year, and I have had long practice in making estimates."

"How much do you put in a pile?" asked Katherine, greatly interested in these new developments.

"Oh, they differ. Some do not take any; others require but a little; while there are piles," and his eyes glistened, "that I would gladly shake the box over forever. Come, you shall see how it works." They walked on a little way until they came to the pile containing the Brown Stone Front. The good Saint sat down on the steps and motioned Katherine to sit beside him. "You see," he explained, "in this case the house is to be given by a mother to her son and his wife, because she is tired of having her daughter-in-law live with her. Money is no object to her, but tranquility is, so that accounts in the main for the gift. It won't take long to sprinkle this." As he rose from the steps, a slight wave of his hand sent a few grains of "the Spirit" sailing off to settle in distant corners of the building.

The next pile was an extremely miscellaneous mixture of china of all sorts, more or less costly, articles of furniture, table linen, rugs, alighans, books and pictures, with other things to swell the list of *inifinitum*.

"Looks innocent enough, doesn't it?" queried Santa with a twinkle in his eyes. "These are things that certain good women want for house decoration. In order to get them without a family discussion, they give them to their husbands at Christmas time. How the good men will enjoy the new curtains in the parlor chamber," and he laughed so heartily, but withal so sympathetically, that Katherine was shocked to find herself wondering if there had ever been a Mrs. Claus, and whether Santa knew anything about it from actual experience.

"Do you sprinkle such piles?" she asked.

"Oh yes! The women mean well on the whole, so I give the box a shake or two. It doesn't waste much, and if any good man looks for signs of 'the Christmas Spirit' in his gift, I don't want him wholly disappointed. But really, my dear, men are seldom deceived." Here Santa nodded approvingly over the superior sagacity of his sex.

At the next halting place the cover of the box was deliberately closed, and when Katherine looked up there was actually a frown on the face of her guide.

"This pile is to go to persons who send to their friends lists of the things they want, asking each one to check off the article for which he will be responsible at Christmas time." And muttering: "Not a grain, not a grain," Santa Claus held his hand over the box cover and hurried away.

Round the circle they went, taking the gifts in order, and Katherine could not help thinking that thus far very little "Spirit" had been shaken from the precious box. At last, in a remote part of the enclosure, they stopped.

"Now for business!" said the dear old Saint, and he smiled until his face was as full of sunshine as it could hold. Katherine smiled too, for it was a realm of toys, and in imagination she could see the eager, expectant faces of the children, whose fathers and mothers were still unwise enough to leave them in possession of their happy Christmas faith. How "the Spirit" flew out of that box! and when Santa's hands stopped shaking, it seemed as if the box actually tried to shake itself from pure sympathy. One little group of gifts were so covered with "the Spirit" that Katherine could hardly distinguish the cheap tin and wooden toys, the tiny candles and poor little bags of candy and fruit.

The dear Saint's eyes grew very moist as he looked down at them. "This means," he said, "the loving sacrifice of the poor. It means the father and mother love that leads the weary, over-worked bodies to toil a

little longer at the shop, to scrub a few more hours at the big houses, to go, it may be, without the bare necessities of life, that there may be a few extra pennies to make "a wee bit Christmas for the childer."

He turned away. The work was done. Suddenly the air seemed full of melody. Katherine could almost distinguish the words of a refrain. She was not sure, but it sounded something like this:

"Where love comes not  
There is no Christmas giving."

Madge's little face pressed close to her own was the next thing of which she was conscious. "Come, Kathie, breakfast is nearly ready. Mamma sent me to call you."

Was it all a dream? Kathie sat up in bed and looked around, half expecting to see the piles of gifts, and the dear old Saint with his magic box in his hand. What she did see was the pretty chamber with no visible suggestion of Christmas except the piano scarf which she had thrown on the table the night before. She got out of bed with a determined expression, folded the pretty scarf and tucked it away in the very back part of her bottom bureau drawer, saying sternly: "No more of that kind for me, please."

The family were all at the breakfast table when she came down a half hour later. At first she thought she would say nothing of her last night's experience, but in that family they told each other everything—"All they knew and more, too," Don was wont to say, and habit was too strong for her. Breakfast and the story ended together. Father and mother said nothing, but smiled at each other. Donald was much interested in finding out whether she had seen any piles of club skates, and if the boys had been shaken on them. Grandmother only said quietly: "The lesson was sweetly taught, my child." But Madge, with last night's story fresh in her mind, hastened to point her own conviction: "I think it all showed that Santa Claus had a grandma."

## At Chrystemesse-Tyde.

Two sorry Thynges there be,—

Ay, three:

A Neste from which ye Fledglings have been taken,

A lamb forsaken,

A redde leaf from ye Wilde Rose rudely shaken.

Of glad Thynges there be more,—

Ay, four:

A Larke above ye olde Neste blithely singing,

A Wild Rose clinging

In safety to a Rock, a shepherde bringing

A Lamb, found, in his arms, and Chrystemesse

Bells a-ricing.

—*Willi Boyd Allen.*

## THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

PROFESSOR WENCKEBACH.

On the evening of the 24th of December there is a charming custom throughout the German Fatherland of decking a fir-tree with lights, apples, nuts and little sugar figures, and surrounding it with gifts. While the older people are zealously busied in the preparation for the family festival, the children of the house, filled with joyous anticipations, sit in a neighboring room singing their Christmas songs. Joyfully and inspiringly sounds from the many youthful throats the favorite carol, "Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht!" ("Silent Night, holy Night!") Then suddenly a bell gives the signal for the beginning of the festivities and the distribution of gifts, and with glad shouts the children rush into the brilliantly lighted room all in its gala dress. What a veritable fairy-land opens before their astonished and delighted eyes! Before them stands the Christmas-tree, glittering with almost supernatural splendor. Over it hovers an angel with wings wide-spread as if in blessing, among its branches sleeps the tiny figure of the Christ-child in the manger, while all about it stand long tables draped with white and covered with beautiful gifts. With heart-felt pleasure and emotion scarce-concealed, the elders listen to the children's shouts of glee, while from the lighted tree there greets them the remembrance of their own innocent and happy childhood, and in their thankful hearts echoes again the song of the angels over the moonlit plains of Bethlehem. "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men."

But from what source is derived the Christmas tree with all its poetical associations and well-nigh magic charm?—why do we deck our tree with golden apples and nuts and the little figures of animals made of sugar and papier maché, horses and stags and eagles? why do we seek to enjoy ourselves by giving and receiving gifts on Christmas day?

If we would answer these questions we must search far into the annals of hoary antiquity and from that mythic Northern sphinx, the Edda, seek for explanation and enlightenment in regard to the origin and significance of the Christmas tree, a custom which, although taking its rise in heathendom, has been illumined by the light of the religion of love and has come down to the Christians of to-day as a most precious inheritance from their forefathers.

As every one knows, the elder Edda (i. e. grandmother) is a collection of the old heathen myths of the Germanic races, which were introduced into Iceland about 1250 A. D. The Edda acquaints us with their primitive, yet deeply poetical conception of the universe: to their minds the whole universe appeared as a wondrous ash, as a wonderful "world-tree" or "tree of heaven." This peculiar mythical conception was shared by the old Aryan peoples in common with the Semitic races. From their imperfect observation of the, to them, enigmatical appearance of the sunlight of the dawn, and the clouds, they thought that the branches of a wonderful shining tree were outspread over the heavens. According to the sagacious investigations of Prof. Schwartz, the light of the rising sun appeared to the ancient Aryan races as a pillar of fiery light, (as opposed to a cloudy pillar), or under the likeness of a tree trunk: the ascending rays, ever widening out and spreading in all directions, until finally losing themselves in the clouds, seemed to them its branches and twigs, the clouds were its leaves; while the sun itself, the moon, the stars and the meteors were held to be mysterious fruits of the monster tree.

An old tradition of India runs thus. "In the centre of the world is the tree Udetaba, the tree of the sun, which at sunrise shoots forth from the earth, and in proportion as the sun ascends toward the zenith, grows up into the air until its topmost branches reach the sun,—when at noon-day he stands high in the heavens, but thereafter it gradually diminishes with the declining day, and at set of sun sinks back into the earth." The Talmud speaks usually of the Pillars of the dawn: or it likens the light of the rising sun to a growing palm-tree. An old Russian enigma preserves the figure of the tree also, running thus: "There stands a tree in the midst of the village, and it can be seen from every hut therein," and the solution is: "The sun and his light."

The celestial tree is usually represented by some well known figure, a pillar (as for instance the "Immensale," which was worshipped by the Saxons in the time of Charlemagne and of which a model is still preserved as a precious relic in the town of Hildesheim), or modelled directly after a natural tree-trunk: hence arose the worship of pillars and trees. Large and lofty trees as oaks or lindens, firs or ash trees, became objects of worship.

The most marked mythical elements which group themselves about the celestial tree are, according to Schwartz, somewhat as follows: The overhanging thunderclouds, dark and threatening, seemed a kind of skin or Aegis, hanging upon the tree, or sometimes like a mighty eagle, the soft white sun-clouds hovering in the air were birds, usually swans or doves. The sinuous heat-lightning appeared to be serpents or dragons, while the vivid zig-zag flashes were the horns of a celestial stag, or of springing goats. The down-pouring rain told of an immense bulk of water, somewhere above in the heavens; this idea gave rise to the myths of celestial fountains and lakes. Hence, too, there was, beside the sun-tree, nearly always a spring from which, in a further development of the mythical idea, emerged nymphs, or swan-maidens, or wise women.

The unfolding, as it were, of the clouds, before a thunder storm, their rapid expansion so as to cover the heavens, and the blinding flash of the lightning, were also conceived of as the blossoming of flowers upon the celestial tree. This mythical flower, the golden lightning flash, was considered a parasite on the world ash. The terrestrial substitute for this resplendent heavenly plant is the mistletoe, which was honoured as the bringer of happiness and health; it banished demons, it healed wounds, and was a sure protection from poison or illness of any kind. The custom of hanging the mistletoe, still preserved in England as a part of the festivities of Christmas week, may refer back to this mythical, wonder-working parasite, or it may trace its symbolism to the deadly shaft of mistletoe, which killed the beautiful sun-god Baldur, and thus as the symbol of death bore the same relation to the heathen religion, that the cross bears to the Christian religion.



From this phase of a belief common to the Aryan peoples, countless traditions have arisen in which we find the tree of light, the "Sun-tree," ever recurring under the most varied forms. We are reminded of the fabled tree of Colchis wherein hung the golden fleece, ever guarded by a sleepless dragon, of the golden-fruited tree of the Hesperides watched over by its faithful dragon; of the sacred oak at Dodona, and the fountain near by, of the olive tree on the acropolis at Athens and the neighbouring fountain, of the plane tree at Delphi hard by the fountain of Castalia, of the many mythological carvings or works of sculpture which represent a tree wrapped in the coils of a dragon or a serpent, of the wonder-bearing trees in many old fairy tales.

The most perfect and elevated picture of the "Sun-tree" is painted for us by the Edda. The "Weltesche" or "world-ash," Yggdrasil, was according to the Teutonic conception an evergreen tree (signifying its immortality) which with its branches embraced alike the habitations of men and gods, of giants and dwarfs. Yggdrasil means the Terror-bearer. The name is thus explained: Odin calls himself "the golden fruit of the world-ash," (i. e. the sun), and Ygge, which means the terror, the dread one, is an epithet of Odin; while drasil means the bearer (signifying the horse or charger.) Three mighty roots support the trunk of Yggdrasil. In one of them lies the spring Hvergelmir, which means the boiling caldron, on the other is the spring of Mimir, where Mimir himself, the wise old seer, dwells; while on the third the "Urdhrunnen" sit, silent and grave, the three "Nornen" or the Fates, Urd or Wurd the Past, Verdandi the Present, Skuld the Future. At the roots of the world-ash the dragon Nid-högge continually gnaws, and many other serpents also; these represent the elements of destruction, evil. In the branches of the tree grazed a she-goat, Heidrun, whose milk is the nourishment of the gods and heroes, and on the leaves of the monster ash the sun-stag Elkhjynner feeds, as does the year upon the endless length of time; while four other stags are devouring the buds, as the seasons of the year devour the days and hours. From the antlers of the sun-stag streams of water flow unceasingly into the spring Hvergelmir, from which all terrestrial streams take their rise. High in the topmost branches an eagle builds his eyrie and sings a song of life and death.

Between the eagle and the dragon Nid-högge a squirrel whisks to and fro; his name is Batatvisker (meaning "whisking on the branches") and he carries over contentious words from the one to the other, for between the eagle, the bird of life and the serpent, the agent of destruction, peace and friendship can never abide.

From Midgard, the home of men, vaults the arch of the rainbow, forming a flaming bridge over to Asgard, the seat of the blessed Gods.

The ancient tradition offers us here, truly, an inspiring view of life, a symbol, which as Simrock says, in profundity of speculative insight has not its equal. In the world-ash we recognize the first attempt at a systematic conception of the universe, which, to the wise men of that ancient time, appeared entirely as perfect and complete as at the present time the Copernican system does to us.

It was a universal custom of the European Aryans to burn torches and tapers about the trees and fountains, for purposes of divination, by which were originally indicated the lightning flashes which gave to the celestial tree the appearance of being covered with lights. At the solstitial periods, especially at the winter solstice when the twelve "sacred nights," the "geweihten Nächte" or "Weihnacht," Christmas-tide again arrived, in which the ascent of the sun into the northern heavens was celebrated and welcomed with rejoicing, the Germans especially made it their custom to adorn the stately fir-trees as representing the "world-ash," and to place them before, or in, their houses. An Icelandic myth of the mountain ash sacred to Thor is as follows: "This is called the sacred tree and it is related that once on Christmas night all its branches were found adorned with glowing lights which even the winter wind could not extinguish, blow he never so lustily."

There remains no doubt that the celestial Sun-tree is a prototype of our own Christmas tree, in which are mirrored with especial clearness the characteristic features of the world-ash, Yggdrasil: the fir stands for the ash itself, the lights for the lightnings flashing overhead, the golden apples, nuts and balls point us to the sun, the moon and the stars, or to the Gods whom these represent. It is owing to the quiet influence of these old traditions that the confectioner and toy manufacturer, without knowing why, make their little sugar and papier-mâché figures of stags, horses, goats, swans, squirrels, eagles, almost the whole animal world of the world-ash, Yggdrasil; even those consecrated to the gods are not wanting, the ravens and wolves of Odin, the bucks of Thor, Freya's cats and Freya's golden-bristled boar, an emblem of the sun. On a true German Christmas tree all these creatures should appear, peeping out here and there amid the green branches of the fir-tree. To imitate the dragon or the serpent, raisins are threaded like pearls upon a string which is coiled about the tree-trunk.

As the Sun-god, Odin, is the dispenser of all blessings, the benefactor of humanity, in token of gratitude to him during the "geweihten Nächte," countless boars, stags or horses were offered up in sacrifice; and the people sought also to gladden their fellows in turn and especially the poor and needy among them by the giving of gifts.

This wholly heathen "Sacred nights festival" (Weihnachtsfest) took root so deeply in the German nature, enchaind the hearts of all so strongly with its poetic charm, that even Christianity, at first most hostile to all heathen practices and festivals, did not suffice to crush it out of existence; and soon the early Christians among the Germans recognized the fact that they could give to the fir-tree and its heathen dress a Christian significance, and that especially by this christianizing of the ancient festival, descended from a remote antiquity, they could even win the hearts of the heathen to the Saviour. The heathen "Weihnacht" was celebrated, as has been said, at the time of the winter solstice, that is on the twenty-first of December; hence the festival of the Christmas tree readily admitted its transfer to the evening of the twenty-fourth (or the early morning of the twenty-fifth) since the birth of Christ having occurred then, that night could as well be called a "sacred night."

The Christian interpretation of the tree and its attributes was elaborately and beautifully developed: thus, the fir-tree with its lights and fruits became a symbol of Christ, who was the beginning of a new life in the midst of the wintry darkness of heathendom, the tree of life, the light of the world. This conception is supported by the following verses of Scriptures: "In the midst of the street of it and on either side of the river was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits and yielded her fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." Rev. 22:2. Compare also Rev. 2:7; John 8:12. "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Rev. 2:23. "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Compare also, John 12:4, 1:9, 1:4; Isa. 60:1. In the early hymns Christ is spoken of as the new apple, the nut, the heavenly bread. Allusion is made to the stag in Ps. 42:1. "As the heart panteth after the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul after thee," to the dragon in Rev. 20:2, to the dove in the out pouring of the Holy Spirit, and to the serpent in the temptation in Paradise. Oxen and lambs remind us of the sacrificial animals and fishes of the miracle of feeding the five thousand; the roses and lilies on the Christmas tree correspond to the miraculous flowers on the world-tree, the rose, a symbol of divine love and pointing to the Rose of Sharon (Cant. 2:1), while the lily calls to mind the angel of the annunciation, as well as Christ's saying "Consider the lilies of the field," (Matt. 6:28) and is an emblem of innocence and purity. The angels, the Christian symbols, anchor, cross and heart, the star of the east, the Christ-child and the manger are to be regarded as purely Christian attributes, not introduced until later times, this first scene from the life of Christ is customarily represented by figures placed under the Christmas tree, as likewise the golden threads known by the name "Lametta" which represent the hair of the Christ-child, and many other significant adornments which harmonize with this elevated conception of the Christmas tree.

Since Christ was worshipped as the giver of all good and perfect gifts, the custom of making presents and of bestowing benefits among the poor which was already in heathen times, an important feature of the "Weihnachtsfest" are especially well suited to the Christian character of the festival. In Germany, however, the gifts are not hung upon the tree, but laid upon tables placed about it.

It is greatly to be regretted that, even in Germany, where, on the evening of the twenty-fourth of December, he it in the palace of the Emperor or in the humble cottage of the laborer, the Christmas tree glows everywhere alike, in many families the origin and significance of the Christmas tree has passed into forgetfulness; and that the tree is overburdened with articles of glittering trash of all sorts, which bear no relation whatever to its poetic and religious character. The true Christmas tree is not a mere show, a shining plaything decorated for the momentary amusement of children: it is a sublime symbol which reflects, as in a mirror, the history of the soul-life of the Germanic peoples for a thousand years; which, illumined by the rays of the star of Bethlehem, announces

the Saviour's birth and for all earth's children opens the gate to the heavenly kingdom of light above, which in jubilant tones proclaims to the heart of every being, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

### A Christmas Carol.

It chanced upon the merry, merry Christmas Eve,  
I went sighing past the church across the moorland dreary—  
Oh! never sin and want and woe this earth will leave.  
And the bells but mock the wailing sounds, they sing so cheery.  
How long, O Lord! how long before Thou come again!  
Still in cellar, and in garret, and on moorland dreary  
The orphans moan, and widows weep, and poor men toil in vain,  
Till earth is sick of hope deferred, though Christmas bells be cheery.

Then arose a joyous clamor from the wild-fowl on the mere,  
Beneath the stars, across the snow like clear bells ringing,  
And a voice within cried "Listen! Christmas carols even here!  
Thou' thou he dumb, yet o'er their work the stars and snows are singing.  
Blind! I live, I love, I reign; and all the nations through,  
With the thunder of my judgments even now are ringing:  
Do thou fulfil thy work but as you wild-fowl do,  
Thou wilt heed no less the wailing, yet hear through it angels sing."  
—Charles Kingsley.

### VELDERIN: A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

LOUISE H. SWIFT, '90.

"Tis the forest primaval The murmurs of leaves and the hemlocks  
Heard with a rustle, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,  
Stands like a Druid of old, with robes sad and prophetic.  
Stands like a harpist lone, with harp that rest on their bosoms."

I.

Let us sit down for a little time near that great heavenward-pointing statue of *Das Hermannsdenkmal* and listen while the trees of the old Teutoburger Wald tell their story, for, as they angrily wave their branches to and fro in the restless wind, they seem to say, "We know, we know." At first, as we hearken, they sob forth a plaintive tale, but louder and louder their tones rises until, at last, it bursts into a fierce, triumphant shriek.

Among these shaded groves a maiden Velderin once dwelt and, though you search through the wide world, you will find none fairer than she. In her silken threads of hair the sun had lost some of its gold, and deep behind her eyes two violets had been hidden. Her whole face was radiant with the joy she felt within, for Velderin was a happy creature in those days she dwelt with us. Every movement of her body vied with the fawn for grace, and the obstreperous squirrel scolded because she had caught his nimbleness.

Her life was one of ceaseless activity. No sooner had Day with his horses roused the sleepy world to work, when her busy figure was seen hurrying hither and thither preparing for the glorious morning. Her first thought was of her forest friends, the birds, and, as her glad summons was heard, many a timid little songster ventured to her side to pluck the grain from her hand. Velderin loved to hear the birds as they sang their sweet matin lays, and when the happy caroler lifted up his head and poured forth his clear notes, the listener knew full well from whose throat the song came. When she saw them homeward-bound, she could follow each one to its nest. The soft-eyed deer and the chatty squirrel came also at her bidding. With these friends she was content to pass the live-long day. Many hours were spent in wandering through hidden paths seeking for the early snowdrop or the spring violet. Upon the mossy bank of a noisy little brook she would sit weaving her fancies with the oak and ash leaves into a crown for the hero whom she borrowed from the stirring tales of the Norsemen. But her wildest, gayest pleasure was sporting with the old North Wind, and many a mad frolic they had as they scampered in and out behind the trees or up and down the hills in the open plain. He ruffled her sunlit hair, called the roses to her cheeks and tried hard to stay her flitting feet, but she shook her head and laughed in merry defiance as he whistled by in high disdain. There came a time, however, when the old North Wind seemed no longer a friend to her, but a foe to nature, and in his awful wrath Velderin found her first grief.

He came one night, as the evening sun was setting. All day it had been chill and sullen. The birds had hurried back and forth in aimless confusion, piping forth dissonant cries, as if apprehensive of the coming danger. The squirrels had been strangely silent, and Velderin, sadly missing their usual friskiness, felt no inclination to romp without them. For a few moments toward the end of the day the sun broke out in genial light, as if to bid farewell to the world, yet longing to remain a helpful friend in memory. But already the wind was blustering through the leaves, impatient to begin his reign of terror, and as the sun sank lower behind the trees, he stormed higher and louder in his rage. The trees swayed and tossed their branches in useless resistance, the little brook once so calm rushed angrily and turbulently on, while the whole air seemed charged with the warlike spirit. Fierce and long the battle lasted, throughout the dreary night and the dismal day, nor did the Wind King yield his sway until many a helpless victim had bowed in forced submission or had lost its feeble life in the fight. The next evening the wind abated his fury, but the low roar of his great war-trumpet could still be heard, and not till several days later did he with ill-concealed displeasure betake himself away from these harried regions.

When the bright sun once more awoke the world, Velderin ventured into the forest, but the scene which met her eye filled her with a hitherto unknown restlessness, and it seemed, as she struggled on to the places where before she had found unalloyed joy, that peace was lost to her forever. Everywhere she found traces of the cruel warrior and grief with them. Here lay a *Rothkehlchen* whose throat was hushed, there among those twigs had swung a nest, but that had been washed away with its little ones, whose mother, too, had mourned herself to death. The squirrel's little store of winter food had been uprooted with the tree. All tokened ruin and disaster. Each new discovery, simple in itself, struck Velderin with a double force, forboding to her a future as desolate as the woods.

She was walking slowly on to one of her favorite haunts lost in such reveries, when the well-known voice of her distant kinsman, Rodolph, arrested her footsteps.

"What sadder voices hold you, who are usually so hasty in your movements, my fair cousin?"

"I cannot tell, Rodolph, what oppresses me, nor what it is that so clogs my footsteps, yet I feel I would rather sleep with yonder cold robin than strive, as he bravely did but yesterday, against the storm."

"So fearful a tone does not well bespeak the brave heart of Velderin. And what troubleth you, now that the storm is past?"

"The knowledge that it comes again."

"Fie, Velderin, as you have lived o'er this, so can you face another."

"Ah, Rodolph, you read me not aright; it is not the wild North Wind I fear, but life itself and grief. I cannot be always a simple child roving care-free through this grand old forest, thoughtless of the day beyond, heeding but the hour at hand. As to the helpless birds, shortly before living as merrily as I, came the rude storm, so unawares will it come to me, robbing me of all for which I live."

"Then hear me once again, while I plead for what last *Weihnachts-tag* you would not grant me. Dear Heart, you know that it is your love I crave, and would count it a gift divine were I to have you as my own. Let me, I beseech you, Velderin, take you home with me. There I can watch and guard you from the foe you fearfully foresee. Who or what shall harm you if Rodolph's arm is nigh?"

"True, my wily cousin, you choose your time well."

"Yes, love makes all men crafty. But, I pray you, hush no longer in scorn, for though passion drives me to unseemly haste, yet it burns slow and intense within my heart. Think seriously and remember that the peace you would possess you can find in a wedded life."

"My heart gives no response, yet reason favors you well."

The trees are hushed a moment, and the wind is still. They let us wander back in fancy to that time long ago. Are we dreaming while we sit under these ancient pines, or do we truly see behind the dark foliage of yonder tree the bent form of the eager lover as he stoops to kiss the faintly-tinted cheek of the half yielding maiden and to draw her closer within his arms? But hark! the trees have begun again.

II.

"Hohnt dich Gott, der war zu achon gewesen,  
Belint dich Gottes hat, nicht sollen selig."

Velderin left us and went a beautiful bride to Rodolph further down in the village. Through the summer and the fall they learned love's sweet lesson, old then but new even now, and Velderin used to say, "Rodolph,

my heart responds now, but the reason I cannot find." Her dreary search for peace was forgotten in the intoxicating joy of the present, and in both life seemed an unbroken May day.

But winter minds not fervent lovers and will come to claim his rule and chill his subjects according to his own sovereign fancy. With winter came *Weihnachtstag*. This day the villagers celebrated half in adoration of the Christ they had accepted and half in reverence to the old Pagan custom. Rodolph and Velderin kept the feast, partly because they had been wont to do so and partly because they felt a satisfaction in doing what the old bishop of the province had taught them. The mirth, too, of the day was no weak incentive to the feast, and it would have taken older and sadder hearts than theirs to pass the hours in silence.

Neither Velderin nor Rodolph, however, found the happiness they had expected. For some unaccountable reason Rodolph's spirits seemed not in harmony with the day, nor were they at all put in time in coming to the Assembly, where the people were watching with eager interest the games, to meet his cousin Berthold, whose face was jubilant and manner gay. Berthold and Rodolph never had been, nor ever could be friends. So near of an age, one would not yield to the other: both defiant in spirit, they scorned each other's aid; equal in prowess and skill, they vied with one another to gain the mastery. Thus from early youth they had harbored unconsciously a mutual dislike. This feeling had not been mitigated when Rodolph led proudly home Velderin as his bride, for Berthold, too, had vaguely cherished the vain dream that some day this fair child would belong to him. Velderin until to-day had been oblivious of his unspoken admiration, but now the discovery was to be made with no pleasant outcome.

Every one seemed bent upon seeking his own pleasure, but a good natured increment prevailed. As the contests of the sports became closer, the excitement and hilarity rose higher. Rodolph's luck, alone, was poor. When Berthold came back from the short chase, bearing his victorious falcons upon his wrists and the slain prey cast over his shoulders, he offered his favorite falcon as a token to Velderin. Rodolph, chagrined by his poor success, challenged him to the single combat which was next to follow. As Berthold unhesitatingly accepted, a shout went up from the villagers, for all knew that no better match could be found than these two. Velderin heard the challenge and the assent. A sharp pang of dismay shot through her, for she saw by Rodolph's looks and tones that the combat was not merely for sport. She felt an instinctive repugnance for these rougher games and always turned away to find enjoyment in more peaceful and gentle amusement. Now she watched the game in breathless suspense, with disturbed face and dilated eyes which showed no relish for the sight, caring little who should be hero of the strife, but dreading lest either one should be wounded. The two agile forms on the green dodged up and down to escape each other's blows, and each grappled the other's waist with a clutch which almost equalled a chain of iron. It seemed at first that Velderin must place the wreath of oak leaves, as a symbol of his superior strength, upon her husband's head, and then again upon Berthold's. Suddenly Rodolph grasped Berthold, preparing to throw him with mighty force, when a woman's shriek, slight indeed, but loud and distinct enough for him who knew so well whence it came, arrested Rodolph's attention, thereby causing him to lose his firm grip of the alert Berthold. The next second many of the beholders, ignorant of what had happened, so quickly was it done, were astonished to see Rodolph lying quite still on the ground, while Berthold, flushed and heated, first looked at his defeated challenger, then advanced to the side of Velderin to claim his wreath amidst the uproarious applause of the people. Velderin stood paralyzed upon the spot where she had advanced to watch the game. Not till her husband turned and feebly called "Velderin," did she awake to the duty at hand. When she gained his side, which she did with some difficulty, since the crowd, awed by the presence of pain, had gathered around the fallen man, he no longer knew her. It was only after several days of anxious waiting that he looked upon her with any signs of recognition. In his feverish delirium he confusedly muttered the names of Velderin and Berthold and cried constantly, "Down! yield!" showing that in his mind the tiresome contest was still going on.

But one day Velderin, sitting beside his couch and weaving a bright new *Festkleid*, suddenly became aware that her husband's eyes were fastened upon her. Quickly she dropped her work and bent down to touch his forehead and kiss his lips, but with an angry frown he moved aside. Since she dared not question him while he was so weak, she could but believe he was not yet himself. Vain hope! as he grew stronger his manner, became colder. One day, stung beyond endurance by his unreasonable treatment, Velderin cried,

"Rodolph, what has changed you?"

Rodolph retorted, "Foolish woman, you can no longer beguile me with your sweet ways. I have been blind not to have seen before."

"What see you now that you were blind to before? Do you doubt my love?"

"No, for you have no love to doubt."

Then arose the pride and dignity of the simple girl's nature which would brook no offense from whatever source, but still stronger awoke the sense of fealty to her husband which is so deeply rooted in the heart of every German woman, and in proud humility she sealed her lips. Rodolph watched her in silence for a few moments, but soon asked,

"Has Berthold been here since *Weihnachtstag*?"

"I cannot remember, my husband, it has been so strange since that morning that I scarcely can recall anything which has happened since, except that I have been with you."

"Why did you care for me, tell me that, since you wished me down?"

"Nay, you are wrong, I never wished you harm, but prayed within me to the gentle Christ that you might be spared from hurt."

"Why then did you cry when I was just to throw Berthold? Such tales sound strange in your mouth."

"I had so cried did you hurl one of the meanest living things, as I surely thought you would, with your strong arm hurl Berthold."

"True, your womanly pity is much misplaced when given to your husband's defeated foe, and your womanly courage is not your greatest virtue. Where was your all-encompassing pity when Rodolph lay stretched upon the ground, groaning with the agony he could not hide?"

"Rodolph, I do not know. It was so terrible, it seemed as if it were I, not you, who lay so helpless and until you called I could not move."

"Yes, you could not move for questioning whether to greet with smiles and tender glances, the boorish Berthold and crown him with the wreath wrenched from your husband's rightful claim at the very moment of victory by your own strategy or—"

"No, speak no more, for there is no excuse."

Thus came Velderin's second loss of peace, for, as the days went on, Rodolph became more distrustful and sullen, Berthold became more insolent and manifest in his admiration. Do what she might to allay the misery she saw coming, Velderin's actions were misinterpreted by both. Soon she saw that either more serious harm would be done, or that she must go. One last plea she resolved to make to Rodolph, begging him to give her the old loving faith and confidence which had made the first wedded days so happy. It proved of no avail, and not until Velderin threatened to leave him, did Rodolph shake off this cold impatient demeanor and show her how passionately he still cared for his boyhood's first queen.

"You, Velderin, who were once so gentle have not now become so cruel as to take away my one joy of living," cried he at last.

"I fain would keep it for you if I could, but even were I to stay and this feud to continue, there would be no joy for us."

"But it soon will be over. Either he or I must die, and the living one retain you as his prize."

Velderin started and hastily questioned, "Have you made such an agreement?"

Rodolph flushed and made no answer while Velderin added, "Then is it surely time for me to go. I cannot live here if I bring such discord," and she made a movement as if to run.

"Oh, my Dear Heart, stay with me. Have you forgotten so soon the day you came to me?"

"Will you forget and forgive him whom you hate?"

"You ask too much for an honorable man to grant even to his wife."

"Then you cannot love me and I cannot stay, for when I came you promised me peace and now you have taken it away. When you give it again, then will I come." Heartbroken and hopeless Velderin silently kissed the fierce and frightened face of her husband and went out once more into the world with the cottage door closed behind her.

To be concluded.

O thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth, the thing thou seckest is already with thee, "here or nowhere," couldst thou only see.

CARL LIE.



# THE COURANT.

COLLEGE EDITION.

Terms for the College Year, - - - \$1.80.

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**Publisher.**  
CHAS. D. HOWARD, NATICK, MASS.

Yearly subscriptions for the COURANT may be sent to Miss Tufts at Dana Hall  
Wellesley. Special copies may be procured of Miss Goodloe, Room 18, Wellesley College.

## "Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?"

Miss Hattie W. Gage, student at Wellesley '86-'88, has obtained a position in the McGraw Institute at Reed's Ferry, N. H.

The Wellesley-resident members of the class of '80—"We are Seven"—enjoyed an informal re-union Saturday evening last. The unexpected advent of Mrs. Marion Pelton Guild from Boston added greatly to the pleasure of the occasion. Another unexpected, but almost equally welcome guest, was a precocious young Christmas Tree. The College-abiding representatives of '79 and '81, '80's next-door neighbors, were present with the Seven, like two white feathers on a crowd, and lent effectual aid in spelling faculty with a small f and fun with a capital F.

The wedding of Miss Agnes Given Crosby, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, to the Rev. Arthur Huntington Allen, of Troy, N. Y., will take place in her father's church, Fourth avenue and Twenty-second street, on January 16, at noon.

Miss Crosby was a student at Wellesley in the years '75-'76 and '81-'82.

## Married.

WELLES-CHAPMAN—In Plainville, Ct., Nov. 27, 1888, Jennie B. Chapman, '82, to Hoadley Carter Welles.

## Inter-Collegiate News.

Ann Harbor graduated 24 women from the law department, last year.

Atlanta University at Atlanta, Ga., is one of the strongest and best equipped of the colleges for colored students. It has this year over five hundred students, the largest attendance in the history of the institution. It receives from the State an annual appropriation of \$8,000, but is otherwise dependent upon the American Missionary Association and private generosity. Hon. William E. Dodge founded the Dodge scholarship fund of \$5,000.

The *Mail and Express* of Dec. 3 has a strong article on the present pernicious system of conferring degrees in American colleges. It says: "The title of A. B. in itself conveys no definite idea; its value depends entirely on its source. We know of no expression more variable, more unreliable, or representing a quantity so utterly unknown as this combination of letters as applied to graduates of American colleges." The remedy suggested is a reduction of the number of institutions granting degrees, brought about by the mutual consent of existing colleges.

Lady Margaret Hall has two competitors at Oxford—Somerville Hall and St. Hugh's Hall, the last named newly opened. The expenses at all three average somewhat higher than at American colleges for women, not because the fixed charges are high, but because the scale of living at Oxford is fixed by tradition in that aristocratic old university, and women students as well as men to some extent conform. The nominal expense at Lady Margaret Hall is \$375 a year, at Somerville and St. Hugh's \$300. These figures are lower than at Cambridge, where Girton charges \$525. Most of the students go into more society than is common with American college girls, the average expenditure being hardly under \$750 annually, and some getting rid of \$1000.

The court of appeals considered the McGraw-Fiske case recently and decided against Cornell University. By this decision Cornell loses \$1,500,000 willed to it by Jennie McGraw-Fiske, wife of Prof. Fiske and heiress of the McGraw estates. The decision is based on the fact that Cornell University was limited by its charter to property not exceeding \$3,000,000, and that it had that amount before the bequest of Mrs. Fiske. The future disposition of this money, which will involve long litigation, is not determined by this decision.

## College Notes.

Merry Christmas!

All aboard for the Holidays!

Several reports, crowded out this week, will appear in our next issue.

Once more the weary proof-reader rises to explain that the words "Of Boston," which appeared in College Notes last week after the name of Kin Kato, were fondly expected to come out modifying the phrase, "Second Congregational Church," half a dozen items above. Miss Kin Kato is too loyal a daughter of Japan to consent to having even the Hub palmed off upon her for a step-mother.

A telegram received in Boston Nov. 28th announced the Pandita Ramabai's sailing from San Francisco on that day. It is only a year ago this week since the organization of her American association, and only a year and a half since the movement was first started. Her funds have been generously increased of late by wealthy women of the Pacific coast. What woman is there with any capacity for reflection whatever who will not receive the news of the establishment of her schools of refuge for Hindu widows, with exultation? The condemnation of their whole sex to life-long imprisonment in dark interior rooms, and of the widows to daily punishment, ignominy and slow starvation, is one of those stupendous crimes against human nature that carry reproach to all living anywhere in the world. The present combined movement of the European fleets against the African slave trade will not, if it succeeds, put an end to worse human misery and degradation than will the work of this noble young creature among the 600,000,000 of India's ancient races.

The most notable incident of the farewell meeting for Rev. W. H. Noyes, who left last week for Tokio, Japan, via San Francisco, was the presentation to the audience of Rev. D. C. Greene, D. D., of Tokio, who is the senior missionary at Japan of the American Board. He has been in that country eighteen years. In the course of his remarks he used the following language: "We shall welcome Mr. Noyes most cordially. We shall be glad to assist him in all his plans, and we shall be glad of his assistance in carrying out all our plans." These words were received with marked favor by the audience. Dr. Greene and his associate will be Mr. Noyes's nearest neighbors. All this is quite significant when it is remembered that an effort has been made in certain quarters to show that the missionaries in Japan objected to having a man like Mr. Noyes come to that country. There was not a word said against the American Board at this meeting; but one of the speakers used the following language: "Mr. Noyes will go to the foreign field somewhat as the saints go into heaven—under great tribulation." The meeting was one of great interest, and there were representatives from various churches in and about Boston. Thousands upon thousands say "God speed you!" as Mr. Noyes enters upon his long-desired work. And that he will make his mark in Japan is the confident belief of all who know him.—*Boston Transcript.*

Dulce Est Desipere In Loco.

Bring holly leaves of polished green;  
The Christmas feast is bravely set,  
And over all the earth, I ween,  
The countless Christmas guests are met.

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,  
And Christmas blocks are burning;  
The ovens, they with baked meats choke,  
And all their spits are turning.  
Without the door let sorrow lie,  
And if for cold it hap to die,  
Will bury't in a Christmas pie,  
And ever more be merry.

Then drink to the holly berry,  
With hey down, hey down derry;  
The mistletoe we'll pledge also,  
And at Christmas all be merry.

## The First American Christmas.

"Monday the 25 being Christmas day, we began to drinke water aboard, but at night the master caused us to have some Beere, and so on board we had divers times now and then some Beere, but on shore none at all.—*Journal of the Pilgrims.*"

Good-will be in thy heart,  
To all who thee surround!  
Bear balm to other's hurt  
And this shall close thy wound.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
The bird of dawn singeth all night long;  
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;  
The nights are wholesome—then no planets strike,  
No fairy fakes, no witch hath power to charm,  
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

All you that in this house be here  
Remember Christ that for us dy'd;  
And spend away with modest cheer,  
In loving sort, this Christmas tide.

God bless us every one!

## WELLESLEY POST OFFICE.

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Second, third and fourth class matter must not be sealed against inspection.  
Liquids can be mailed only in metal or wooden boxes.  
No limit of weight to first or second class matter, or single book, all other matter limited to four pounds.  
Never send money in an ordinary letter. Purchase a money order or have your letter registered.  
Post Office open at 6:15 A. M. and closed at 7:30 P. M. Wednesday evenings closed at 7 P. M.  
Money order department open at 7 A. M. and closed at 7 P. M.  
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A fine assortment of Ladies' fine French and American Kid Boots at W. L. Doane's, Clark's Block, Natick.

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Ladies' Goat Walking Boots \$2.50 and \$3.00 at W. L. Doane's, Natick.

Joseph A. Jackson, 412 Washington Street, Boston, handles strictly reliable goods. His announcement appears in our business columns, and is worthy of perusal by all intending purchasers of fur goods of any description.

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